

SHEER FILTH! ^{no.} 2

horror, exploitation, sleaze & cult



INSIDE: MARILYN

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Leo Ford

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AUCTION**

MEMBERS + GUEST(S) FREE

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RESERVATIONS 437 4311.

Looks like a week of fun, right? In fact, this was the itinerary for the Hippotrome's S&A IS FUN week. The powers that be, however, disagree with this sentiment, and the local police BANNED IT. Isn't it fun to live in a free democratic country?

The Picture About ALTOGETHERNESS!



PURITY IN ALL
ITS WRITINGS!

Technicolor

starring BRIAN CORBY, SHELLEY MARTIN
Made in cooperation with the Canadian Youth Group

As Set in Motion Picture Industry

the only magazine
"HOUSE OF
PLEASURE"

GLOBE

and a lot more
from the same

FILTHY THOUGHTS



HELLO AGAIN! It's been a long time coming, but here at last is **SHIRAZ FILMS 2**. I know that some of you thought I'd been arrested/died/fled the country to live a life of decadence on the Costa Del Crime, but NO! In fact, I've been hard at work on this issue. I've made an effort to improve the visual impact of the zine this time, as well as the content. I'm still not one hundred per cent happy with the result, but I think that I'm getting there. I've added more pages this time, and - as promised last issue - completely redone the text. This means that you'll be getting as much in SF as in most A4 format fanzines with the same page count...if not more. Of course, this forced a price rise, but I hope you'll agree that it's worth it.

A massive 'thanks' must go out to all the people who wrote to me to say that they liked SF. I'm pleased to say that I didn't receive any negative letters; all criticism was of a

constructive nature, which I'm quite happy to take. It was also quite gratifying to see that there **WAS** a market out there for a zine like mine. As most UK fanzines are horror orientated, I was a little unsure about what the reaction to SF would be. It's nice to know that there are other devotees out there apart from me. I fully intend to keep SF out of the mainstream life of life as much as possible, concentrating more on obscurities.

Also this time, I've tried to broaden the scope of the zine a little. I feel that SF should be able to cover all types of 'cult' material. There's no reason why I should stick wholly to films either. This issue Rocky Erickson piece, for instance, is quite relevant, and I don't see why I shouldn't cover groups like The Gramps, Puzos, Foster Pasquy, Zodiac Mindwarp and so on if the need arose. Provided things are kept in perspective (and they will be), I think SF can be as wide ranging as possible.

This issue - unlike the first - hasn't been a solo effort. Many thanks go to the following who wrote reviews, did art or helped out in a variety of different ways: David Kordeck, John Hill, Phil Bond, Stuart Robertson, Marc Morris, Nettieman, Trevor Harley, Chris Lonedale, John Guilleage and anybody else that I've forgotten...I couldn't have done it without you chaps.

This issue was supposed to include a piece on S.F.K.'s infamous **DESPAIR** tape was debated by a few different people. Unfortunately, I've not yet obtained enough reviews to finish the piece. Thanks to David Kordeck and Vladimir S. Pulaski for their contributions so far, but I'm gonna have to appeal to you lot out there: I need a couple of essays about 120 words in length on your reactions to **DESPAIR**. Hopefully, they'll help to finish the article for SF3.

Still on the subject of next issue, I'm hoping to have it out a bit quicker than this one. The price will be the same (50p plus postage) so if you want to send in advance orders, that's fine.

A bit of news: I don't intend to have a news column in SF, cos by the time you read it, the 'news' will be more like 'olds', but here's something you might not be aware of...Russ Meyer's movies are to be rereleased, I'm told, all uncut. No news of any label yet, but keep your eyes peeled...enough waffle from me. Let me know your thoughts on this issue okay? Be seeing you...

BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN
TURNED INTO
GROTESQUE
MONSTERS!!



ALL TRUE!
ALL REAL!

FOR THE
FINEST
TIME!
TOUCH-O-VISION! THE TRILL YOU REACH
OUT FOR IN THE AMAZING NEW NYPNOMAGIC
the most sensually exciting experience you have in a motion picture!



REVIEWS

LA BESTIA SCUDE A SANGUE FREDDO (UK TITLE: THE COLD BLOODED BEAST; US TITLE: SLAUGHTER HOTEL)
CAST: KLAUS KINKKI, MARGARET LEE, NIKALUA NHI, JANE GARRET, MONICA STREHEL, JOHN KAHNEN,
GIOIA BRESNANI, JOHN ELY SCREENPLAY: FERNANDO DI LEO, NING LATINO DIRECTOR: FERNANDO DI
LEO ITALY 1971

According to THE PSYCHOTRONIC ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FILM, this movie was also released somewhere
as ASYLUM 1970. This is considerably more apt than the better known US title, simply
because there is an asylum in the film - the same cannot be said for a hotel. Admittedly, it's



a rather plush private asylum, but even so, I doubt if the guests can check out. Notably, all the inmates here are women; not just that, they're all young attractive women. No crazy old bags in this movie. Life at the asylum is pretty normal, with the usual lesbian activity and nympho ranting about their everyday business. Suddenly, up pops a masked killer who starts offing the inmates via a collection of medieval weapons that are conveniently decorating one of the rooms in the building (this seems to be somewhat foolish in a place full of mad people...). Who is the killer? Viewers suspiciously fail on trendy Klaus Kinkki, simply because he usually turns out to be the psycho in this sort of thing, but in fact he turns out to be the hero in this one. The real killer (caught when Klaus' girlfriend acts as bait for him) is a minor member of the cast, a fact which is something of a let-down.

Being a more down market example of the giallo style of film-making, LA BESTIA... tends to concentrate on 'filling out' it's running time with topless footage of the inmates rather than in developing the plot to any great extent, but it's attractively made and fairly entertaining. Despite the advertising, there is little gore, mainly showing the aftermath of the murders rather than the act itself. The killings are done with flair though, and use a degree of imagination (would you believe, one via the ends up in a convenient iron maiden). Even though the gore count is low, the film was still cut on it's UK release.

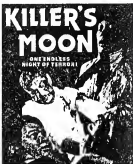
KILLER'S MOON UK 1978 8) mins

CAST: ANTHONY FORREST, TOM MAREKALL, CECILIA KERN, NICKEL CHERRY, DAVID JACKSON, PAUL HAYTER, PETER JENNISON, JANE HAYDEN, ALISON SLATF, JO-ANNE COUS, JAYNE MARION
WRITER & DIRECTOR: ALAN PINKERMAN

Back in the seventies, British films were not all 5 hour epics about India and socially aware dramas; some, like this were low grade sleaze items existing only to show varying degrees of sex 'n' violence.

As usual, it's a nuttier on the loose movie, but funn of the genre (there must be some) get real value for money here with FOUR merry psychos all running about in white coats and babbling wildly. They've escaped from hospital whilst under the influence of LSD, and so think that all their actions are dreams... anyway, they end up attacking a hotel which is housing a group of young (but not TOO young) schoolgirls. These number constantly diminish throughout the film, this naturally results in much rape, murder, running about and general havoc until a rescue by two cops and a three legged dog saves the day.

As you might expect, KILLER'S MOON is not a work of great subtlety. It's best summed up by the scene in which one girl, fleeing from a particularly belly looney, catches her nightgown on a convenient nail and - guess what? yes, it rips open, revealing (as they say) everything. She is then strangled by said looney. There is also a couple of position unusual mutilations, sloppy gore effects and glimps of nudity to keep the lean discerning viewer from nodding off.





Now, this IS a strange one...in fact, it's one of the strangest I've ever come across. The people responsible for the film don't get identified in the opening titles, which simply credit the films copyright to 'George Barry'. The words 'credits' & 'effects' are flashed on the screen, but there's no follow up. I shume really, because I'd like to know who was behind this warped affair.

The film concerns a satanic bed, which devours all who use it. The bed was created, it turns out, by a horny demon in order to seduce a human girl he fancied. This being an unnatural act, said girl expired, & the demon took it badly - his eyes shatter, spilling blood onto the bed & giving it life. He then took up residence in a nearby tree. Demons sleep once every ten years, during which time the bed is powerless. In the meantime though, it keeps alive an artist who lives behind a painting on the wall (!) & acts as the films narrator/philosopher. Out of the blue appear three women. Two of them go off for a look around, but the third, not feeling so good, goes to bed. Champ, champ. When the other two return, the bed gets the screaming abdabs because one of them reminds it of it's 'mother'. It manages to eat her friend though. Then, the surviving girl's brother turns up. He attempts a rescue, only to lose the flesh from his hands. Just as things seem hopeless, the demon nods off, & the artist can speak out from beyond the painting to tell our heroes how to destroy the bed...

There is nothing normal about this film. The plot constantly shoots off in any direction that takes its fancy; the above synopsis would've been incomprehensible if I'd included all the dream/f flashback material. At first, the film comes across as a laughable turkey, but you soon realise that it's the product of a genuinely disturbed mind. The acting is neither good or bad, just wierd. The film has very little actual dialogue - most of the talking is narration, thoughts, etc. The look of the film is also indecribibly odd. It's obviously a very low budget affair, & the camera holds on scenes for ages without cutting. The whole thing seems to be a strange dream, lifted out of your head & miraculously transferred onto film, although a better description might be that it's like a b.d trip. The characters seem completely unreal. At no point of the film does anyone act in a recognisably normal manner. When he has his hands skinned, the brother doesn't scream or panic, instead, he sits examining them in a curious manner. In fact, none of the main characters gets hysterical, or shows any sign of tension throughout the entire film, its almost as if they are dead already. Strangest of them all is the man behind the painting. Throughout the film, he ponders on the events taking place, tells the history of the bed, & generally adds to the total abnormality of the whole affair. It's hard to talk about a film like DEATH BED - THE MAN THAT KILLS so coherently. This is now my third attempt to try & review the film, & I can still feel it slipping away. Perhaps it's not meant to be read about, but simply experienced. Certainly, given the right exposure, the film has the potential to become a cult favourite. At present though, despite it being released on tape in the UK by Portland Films, it remains unknown to many. No books mention it, few video shops stock it & many fans are unwilling to buy it without knowing something about it first. I found it to be a fascinating experience, though, & if you're eager for something a bit out of the ordinary for a change, then this could be the one for you. It might cause your head to spin & your brain to fry on occasion, but isn't that what we want for a good nights entertainment?

Anyone out there who can tell me anything about this film, please get in touch as soon as you can.



THE TERROR

UK 1934

An ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE COMP. LTD production

Stuffed Linwood, Bernard Lee, Arthur Wether, Linden Travers, Henry Oscar, Iris Hoey,
Lathbury, Lesley Warding, Alastair Sim, John Turnbull, Richard Murdoch, Edward Lexy

CASTING: Richard Bird

This film could, I suppose, be considered a rarity. Certainly, there are no mentions of it in any of the genre publications to the best of my knowledge. Oddly though, it's not the least water-tight that everyone likes to stumble across from time to time. In fact, it's pretty lousy.

Already filmed twice, in 1929 and (as REWARD OF THE TERROR) in 1934, this Edgar Wallace melodrama must have seemed pretty old hat even at the time of its initial release; seen today, it comes across as a lifeless yawn, devoid even of the entertaining crudeness that often saves low budget thirties shockers. It's not helped by the fact that it inevitably invites comparison with wonderful films like THE OLD DAME HOUSE and THE CAT AND THE CANARY, both vastly superior films. The only real highspots here are the appearances of familiar plot devices - secret panels, dark passages and the like - but even these only serve as reminders of the better examples of the genre. Admittedly, the film does work up to a mild frenzy at the end, with the heroine held hostage by the organ playing villain, but by this point, all but the most dedicated fan will have given up.

The appearance of Alastair Sim is worth noting, as he's hopelessly miscast in a sinister role. It's the kind of embarrassing performance that will have you cringing. As an obscurity, THE TERROR is perhaps worth a look for completists - on the whole though, it's a forgotten horror that should stay that way.

DAVID FLINT

HOT LOVE

West Germany 1967 26 minutes

A JB FILM production

CAST: Haktari Lorenz, Marion Koeb, Jorg Buttgercit

CAMERA: Bjorn De Luxe

DIRECTOR: Jorg Buttgercit

Filed with somebody's pocket money, this West German Super Eight production is not a porno film. Instead it is - like most film 'shorts' I suppose - an attempt at film execution; making do with the little resources available to make an actual movie, plot being somewhat superfluous. Thus it would be unfair to cast the once critical eye over HOT LOVE as it would, say, MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE or indeed that other SF8 plot substitute, DEMONS, regardless of the fact that HOT LOVE is more entertaining than either of these anyway.

HOT LOVE's (miniscule) plot runs as follows: Boy meets girl; boy and girl fall in love; girl jilts boy; boy goes crazy; gets bent up; rapes ex-girlfriend; kills himself. As is normally the case with short stories, HOT LOVE has a twisted recompense for the mis-giving of the previous 20 minutes: Girl gives birth to strange baby; baby mutates one night into dead boy who then kills both girl and her new love.

See, simple story, but it's naive charm and moments of ultra violence drive HOT LOVE in best 'primitive' cinema style. For instance, where can you find a bottle attack victim plucking the broken glass from his face? Lovehearts? A birth scene and a baby that manage to be both blatantly false and unconvincingly real at the same time?

Right Here.

DAVID BRUCKER

TORVUN DUNGLIN

USA 1970 80 minutes

A MISHKIN/CONSTITUTION production

CAST: Jeremy Pinkin, Susan Causidy

SCREENPLAY: Andy Milligan, John Burke

DIRECTOR: Andy Milligan

Being the deviant adventures of the Duke of Norwich (pronounced as spelt). Andy Milligan's most delicious film contains all the elements usually found in his films; bad acting from very strange people; pointless, rambling dialogue; incoherent plot; clumsy sex and sloppy gore; camerawork of the sort you'd expect from an inexperienced drunk with a super eight camera on a stormy sea voyage; possibly of interest to the ardent trash fan, TORVUN DUNGLIN is a shame pretty much unwatchable to most people, which can be taken as either a recommendation or condemnation. See it at your peril.

DAVID FLINT

THE BRIDE AND THE BEAST

USA 1958 78 minutes

An ALLIED ARTISTS PICTURES CORPORATION production

CAST: Charlotte Austin, Lance Fuller, Johnny Roth

SCREENPLAY: Edward D. Wood Jr

STORY, PRODUCED, DIRECTOR: Adrian Waise

During the brief period a few years ago when it was all the rage to laugh at old movies, one man was ridiculed more than any other. I'm talking, of course, about Ed Wood Jr, the warped genius behind PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE, GLASS ON GLASS and a fistful of others. The truth about Wood's work is that although it certainly IS bad by normal film standards, it does have a strange appeal about it; like all the most interesting movies, they are completely removed from normal mainstream cinema. Wood supplied the remarkable screenplay for this film, and was well in tune with the ideas of the director Adrian Waise. Waise obviously had some kind of abnormal obsession with apes, previously having made THE WHITE GORILLA, another warped affair that recently cropped up in Channel Four's GREAT TRAILER SHOW.

Big game hunter Dan Fuller and new wife Laura arrive home during a thunderstorm. Dan tells her that he has a gorilla, unfortunately named Spunky, in the cellar (!). Laura is intrigued, and asks to see the beast, explaining 'animals don't frighten me, I had a pet monkey when I was a little girl'. When they meet, the gorilla reacts strangely - almost as if it knew her. She seems unconcerned, even when Spunky grabs her arm and strokes her hair, but Dan pulls her away, and reaches a dramatic conclusion: 'you'll never get that close to him again, he could've killed you'.

Although this is their wedding night, Dan and Laura sleep in separate beds. Spunky breaks out of the cellar and makes his way upstairs. Laura, suffering a sleepless night (thus, not for the usual wedding night reasons - separate beds, remember!), gets up to be confronted by the rather worked up gorilla, who seems to have useless thoughts on his mind. Before the film can become unavowed though, Dan awakens and kills the beast full of fear.

Later that night, Laura suffers another nightmare, and upon awakening tells Dan that she is sure that it has something to do with a previous existence. The next day, Dan calls in an old friend, Dr Heiner, who suggests trying a spot of regressive hypnosis (always good for a laugh or two). In a trance, Laura describes a jungle scenario. The animals are afraid of her, but she doesn't know why until she sees her reflection in the water - she's a gorilla! As she relives being attacked by natives, Heiner grips her out of it, telling her that she will be no longer bothered with strange dreams. He advises Dan not to take her on honeymoon to Africa, but Dan refuses.

Once in Africa, Laura seems fine, enjoying the adventure of big game hunting. In fact, despite almost being savaged by a tarantula on the first night (the kind of incident that would put me off for life) she states that she feels 'as if I've always belonged here'. Dan, not being the world's brightest bloke, doesn't attach any significance to this comment. But, all good things must come to an end, and the honeymoon is interrupted when the local authorities ask Dan to track down two tigers that have escaped into the jungle and are eating the local population at an alarming rate. They were last seen in gorilla country....

The party are soon in gorilla country, though Dan seems remarkably unconcerned about the effect this might have on his wife. It could be that the two adventures were fully occupying his thoughts, but I've a sneaking suspicion that he's just thick.

That night, tigers are heard near the camp, and Dan and his trusty manservant go in search. One is spotted, but the shot misses.

The next day, serving woman Bertha (I think that's her name) is fatally mutilated by a tiger before Dan shoots it. Unfortunately, he only wounds it, making it even more dangerous. However, that night, the other tiger is caught. Dan decides to use it as bait to lure the remaining animal into the trap.

Dan spends the entire night waiting for the tiger to appear. Feeling a bit tired in the early hours of the morning, he starts to nod off, which is rather unfortunate as the cunning man-eater has crept up behind him. The tiger attacks, but Dan (being the hero) manages to somehow

Nightmare from the jungle!
A human bride,
the enslaved
victim of
gorillaish
AWAKEN!

The BRIDE and the BEAST



LANCE FULLER
CHARLOTTE AUSTIN
WILLIAM JUSTINE
JOHNNY ROTH

Screenplay by EDWARD D. WOOD JR.
Directed by ADRIAN WASE

ALLIED ARTISTS
Presents a film
by ADRIAN WASE
The BRIDE and the BEAST

fling it off without any apparent injury. He shoots at it, but again misses, sending it scurrying off into the bush.

However, Laura is taking an early morning stroll, and finds herself confronted with the now extremely irked feline. Fleeting through the jungle, she falls down an embankment, and is knocked unconscious. Luckily, just in the nick of time, Dan turns up and wrestles with the tiger, and incredibly manages to stab it to death.

Back at the camp, Dan sends his messenger to fetch the doctor (which in the jungle involves perilous swims through crocodile infested waters) to treat Laura's 'nasty crack on the head'.

'What', I hear you cry, 'I bet that gets things going again', and sure enough, Laura starts to have a gorilla dream. By some incredible coincidence, at that very moment a furry simian lumbers into the camp (in case you'd forgotten, we're in gorilla country). Awakening, Laura once again is drawn to the ape, and once again Dan rushes to the rescue. The gorilla is made of stronger stuff than the tiger though, and brushes him aside before sweeping Laura up in it's arms and carrying her off to do God only knows what with her.

Dan manages to track it to a cave, where he finds Laura tended by a whole fistful of apes. She seems to not recognise him, so he moves into action, shooting one of the two remaining gorillas (the others having left for some reason). Foolishly, he once again tries to battle the second ape in hand to hand combat. Despite his success with the tiger though, Dan is no Thorson and the gorilla beats his senseless. As Dan loses consciousness, he sees the gorilla carry his wife away, never to be seen again.

Later, back home, Dan tells Heiner the whole amazing story. 'I can't believe she's gone', he says, understandably (your wife leaving you for a gorilla must be a difficult thing to come to terms with). Heiner nods sagely, and sums the whole thing up 'I believe she's gone, Dan... gone back where she came from'.

It's easy to laugh at a film like **THE WILD AND HIS BEAST**. So easy, in fact, that it's hard to appreciate the fact that here is a completely warped motion picture experience. Wood's screenplay displays all the qualities that have made him a legend, not with the **GOLDEN TURKEY** brigade, but with lovers of unusual movies. The film is constantly watchable, and contains little dialogue that can be sniggered at, unless you're really determined. Instead, the film becomes more like an experience than anything else. I'm emphasising the script here not because Wood is such a cult figure, but simply because it is what makes the film. Weiss' direction is pretty average, though it does translate Wood's story to the screen effectively. Weiss does have a distinct advantage with heroine Charlotte Austin, who is constantly in a state of melancholia throughout the film. Even during her moments of happiness, you get the feeling of sadness just below the surface.

Obviously, the film has moments of genuinely amusing badness, mainly the gorilla costumes, and the stuffed tiger that Dan wrestles with. But laughing at the scenes where Laura is drawn to the apes is pointless - these scenes are not funny, just very odd. Not so odd (knowing Wood's private preoccupations) is the scene where Heiner explains that Laura's previous life may account for her love of angora sweaters...

Recommended viewing.

DAVID FLINT

BIG BAD MAMA

USA 1974 82 mins

A NEW WORLD PICTURES production

CAST: Angie Dickinson, Tom Skerritt, William Shatner, Susan Sennett, Robbin Lee, Dick Miller

SCREENPLAY: William Norton, Francis Dool

PRODUCER: Roger Corman

DIRECTOR: Steve Carver

Another film in the popular 'Mama' non-series, along side other classics like **BLOODY MAMA** & **CRAZY MAMA**. This is pretty much guaranteed to please the average exploitation fan. It's pretty funny (well it made me laugh), action packed & contains a fair dosage of tits 'n' gore to keep most discerning SF readers from becoming restless. What's more, it has the finest banjo score since **TWO THOUSAND MANHATS**. Of course, one of the main reasons for watching the film (even in these post-**DRESSED TO KILL** days) is for the culturally shocking experience of seeing the squaky clean stars of **POLICE WOMAN** & **STAR 80** in nude love scenes together.

Great fun - check it out today.

DAVID FLINT



FORCED ENTRY

USA year unknown

CAST: Laura Cannon, Tim Long, Jutta David, Helmut Richter, Ruby Runhouse, Nina Fawcett

WRITER & DIRECTOR: Helmut Richter

First things first. There are two movies called **FORCED ENTRY**, both feature gas station attendants committing sexual violence against various disposable females. Possibly the better known film is the 1975 film **THE LAST VICTIM** which was retitled **FORCED ENTRY** when it was rereleased on the strength of it's two female leads' (Tanya Roberts & Nancy Allen) rise to fame. The other movie, the one we are reviewing, is similar in plot but entirely different in execution, it being far sleazier and, well, full of hardcore sex.

"This is the legacy veterans bring back, a combination of fear, confusion, rage & this leads to a desperate need to find a victim". So begins this movie, a military expert preaching his thoughts on the after-effects of war, all this backed up with the sound of helicopters & various psychedelic montages of Vietnamese stock footage. So when we get into the grainily photographed, ineptly made tale of an unnamed vet who serves at a petrol station & follows his female customers home to do his stuff, it soon becomes apparent the previous introduction has very little - if anything at all - to do with what follows. Said veteran, who is probably the hero of the film (but it's difficult to tell, his personality would probably put him somewhere between Colonel Gaddafi & a large slag for appreciation value), goes about venting his frustration by at first peeping on couples making love (I use this term in it's loosest form) & then later actually breaking into homes & forcing the female residents to act out his fantasies at gun & knife point. Such depraved acts as blow job at gun point with a wonderful monologue from the vet of such earth-shattering comments as "Oh yeah, that's real good!" are the main plot of the film. Finally meeting his match at the hands of a couple of doped lesbian hippies who laugh at him when he orders them to screw him, for no apparent reason other than the fact the budget was disappearing rapidly, the veteran sex fiend shoots himself.

It can't really be said that plot, acting, script, direction etc are the films strong points; quite what are I don't know, can anyone be turned on by a bloke causing an unwilling woman to bleed by screwing her arse? And the multitude of sex scenes feature such repulsive drogs of humanity, about all this film can be recommended for is a good cringe. "And it seems the war will still & always be going, & the veteran's stories will not end it. Only you & I can end it, & God knows how many things must happen before we do that". Amen to that, I nearly forgot this was a moralistic tale of war, but that us may be, it sure ain't no **TAXI DRIVER**.

JAMN HILL

PIECES

Spain 1982 87 mins

CAST: Christopher George, Lynda Day George, Ed Furdon, Jack Taylor, Paul L. Smith, Brana, Ian Sera, Gerard Tichy, Isabel Lopez

WRITER & DIRECTOR: Juan Piquer Simon

A young boy attacks his mother with an axe & cuts her head off when she tells him off for doing a nude jigaw, so forty years later, using a chainsaw, he makes his own 'jigaw' woman, with young college students providing the pieces of the title. What follows for the next 90 minutes or so is a cornucopia of cheap gore effects & bad acting. We're treated to beheadings, limb severing etc, plus a change of pace when the killer stabs a girl on a waterbed, sensibly leaving his chainsaw behind this time.

Chris George turns up as the cop assigned to the case (what else?) & his wife Lynda Day George appears as his sidekick Mary, who is put on the campus undercover. C.G enlists the help of a totally unlikely student, Kendall, to keep an eye on Mary, but after more killings sends him to help search through records at the police station. Meanwhile Mary suspects Prof. Brown, the anatomy teacher who has already stated to her his incontinuity to mutilated bodies. She takes her suspicions to the college Dean (played by Ed Furdon), which is a bad move as HE is the killer (honestly, I'm not spoiling the plot here - the film hasn't got one), but luckily the cops figure it out in time to save her. In a struggle, the Dean is shot, but it doesn't end there; we have the 'ohook' scenes of his human jigaw falling out of the closet, followed by his briefly returning to life in order to crush Kendall's balls...ouch!

Director Juan Piquer Simon was obviously influenced by Argento's **D.P. RED & T.N. BLUE** here, from the soundtrack reminiscent of Goblin's score for the former, to the p.o.v style shots when the killer is completing his jigaw echoing the insights given about the killer in the latter (extremely tedious link here). Unfortunately, he lacks any of Argento's visual flair, style & tight plotting; in fact it's almost an insult to even mention Argento in comparison. However, there's quite a bit of gore & it's well paced enough to prevent the film becoming boring - & there's always Chris George to liven things up (what?? - D.F.).

PIECES is a silly, worthless piece of exploitative trash...I love it!

JILL HEND

Unless you've been interned in a Siberian prison camp all year, you will doubtless be aware that this year is the 25th anniversary of the death of Marilyn Monroe. In the years since then, Monroe fever has constantly grown. Three days, you can pick up Marilyn posters, photos, records, T-shirts, clocks, bedspreads, keyrings, combs, etc - just about anything. Not to mention hundreds of books. With such incredible popularity you might think that the television networks could have done a bit better in their tributes. Here's the **BRIEF FILM** look at what we DID get.

Channel Four kicked off first, though **MARILYN MONROE - BEYOND A LEGEND** was part of a series of **ITV** documentaries on dead movie stars. This was a fairly standard effort, offering nothing controversial or new. It was, however, well put together. Old film clips mixed with newsreel footage and so on, together with the obligatory interviews with 'those who really knew her' dropping anecdotes, and those who never even met her spouting half baked

ideas about what she was really like.

It's not the first Marilyn Monroe documentary, and it won't be the last, but - like many of the tomes piling up on the shelves of bookstores around the world - it will serve as well as any for an introduction to the world of M.M. sadness for the casual viewer and potential fan.

ITV did their bit next, on August 5th. As well as screening the very wonderful **CATHERINE Deneuve** **MONROE**, they broadcast **NORMA JEAN GLAS** **MARILYN MONROE**, a French TV documentary that promised us Marilyn's last recorded interview. What we weren't told was that it was an audio recording. The programme consisted of parts of this tape being played by Catherine Deneuve, who then rattled on about Marilyn's personality, impact on the world, inner feelings and so on. As it seems that Deneuve ever knew Monroe, it stands to reason that this is a lot of pretentious rubbish. The screen is filled up with the same film clips, newsreels etc that we'd seen on C4 a few nights earlier, together with obsessive film of places that she lived (the orphanage where she grew up in visited, with the same awe as a feature on some religious temple). Admittedly, the interview is interesting listening, but the programme itself was a bit of a letdown. The **BBC** completely ignored the anniversary. The reason for this, according to the **RADIO TIMES**, was that there was already a season of **Olivia Friesley** films being shown to mark the tenth anniversary of his expiring. More than one person must have wondered why Friesley's rotten films were thought to be more important than Monroe's classics. A couple of months later though, **BBC2** showed a thirty minute item called **EVE AND MARILYN**, in which photographer **Eve Arnold** discussed her work with Marilyn. This was interesting, and nicely peppered with shots, but I was constantly amazed at the fact that the **BBC** would screen what amounted to a half hour commercial for Arnold's new book (**MARILYN MONROE: AN APPRECIATION**).



INSIDE MARILYN (aka MARILYN MON AMOUR/MARILYN MY LOVE)

West Germany

A SILVA GRUPPE BERLIN production

CAST: Olinka Hardiman, Peter Schuster, Siggi Buchner, Renate Fuhs

SCREENPLAY: Alao Payet

DIRECTOR: Moll



Not, as you might have thought, another highly fictionalized film about the life of Marilyn Monroe. Olinka Hardiman plays glamorous model Evelyn, a Monroe lookalike, who is quite happy to let men think of her as Marilyn. Once this fact is established, she is then referred to as 'Marilyn' throughout the entire film.

The movie follows her sexual exploits (what did you expect?) as she lives out her own stated philosophy towards men of 'outa sight, outa mind'. After giving her sleeping lover Donald a blow job, she heads for the studio, where she poses in the legendary SEVEN YEAR ITCH dress, with of course nothing undomestic. After this, she leaves with her boyfriend - a wealthy pervert who gets her to give him hand during the ride home, while his sex starved chauffeur watches in the rear view mirror. They then go to a party, where Marilyn is persuaded to sing a song. And now she must be the worst singer this side of the hostess of THE WHITENESS VIDEO SHOW NO.1. Meanwhile, the host's fiancée goes down on Marilyn's partner. This must be some party, 'coo although they're doing it in the open, nobody even notices, not even the host who's sat next to them! In fact, it's only when they move on to another room for some serious sex that they get caught.

Marilyn and the host, understandably disgusted by this, leave (but not before Marilyn has ripped off her dress in disgust, much to the understandable delight of the other guests). Back at her home, Marilyn attempts to cock him off, but he's unable to get it up. It seems he's only into young girls. As luck would have it, the next day they manage to persuade a young looking girl to help out. After a quick shaving session to make her more convincing, all is well. This can't be said for the film though, as things go quickly downhill from here on. Rapidly running out of ideas, the film-makers have our heroine visit a sleazy bar, where she's subjected to the unwelcome attentions of a drunkard, who probably finds it almost as hard as the viewer to believe that a girl like this would be in such a hole. After the drunk is made to leave, Marilyn, the bar owner and another woman head off to form a threesome. This is followed by a surprisingly boring orgy. This lives up only when a girl has three large cakes smashed on her body; even this fails to live up to expectations though. Instead of eating it off her, the other participants are content simply to rub it all over her. When a few people start on a piss orgy, Marilyn decides it's time to go. The film ends with her deciding that life is pretty good after all - not exactly an earth shattering conclusion, as we were never given any reason to believe that she felt otherwise.

The downhill slide of the film during it's final moments is a real shame, because until that point, INSIDE MARILYN was well above average. It seems pretty obvious that the film simply couldn't think of what else to do and so fell back on the safety net of the orgy scene. If it were well done (as in BASTARD!) then it might have been acceptable, but here it's simply a bore. The film is shot well, and looks nice. That's more, the cast are mainly both competent and attractive. Olinka Hardiman is, it must be said, pretty sensational in the lead. She does look like Marilyn, has a nice body and bubbles with enthusiasm. She manages to convince you that she really enjoys what she's doing. She's also something of an athlete, cap ble of stretching her legs into quite breathtaking positions. It certainly gives the film a bit more kick.

With the exception of the orgy sequence, the film manages to avoid the often bloddy, slow, unimaginative and interminable sex scenes that often plague hard core movies. It also makes the sexual activity fit in with the plot more effectively than many films, and keeps the sex raunchy, sexy and entertaining.

One problem that isn't the fault of the film-makers is the raspy dubbing. This is the worst EVER! Not only is it out of tune, but comes across as being completely flat. Not for one moment can you believe that it's being spoken by the characters on screen.

Generally, INSIDE MARILYN is a sleazy slice of erotica, that just falls short of becoming a classic. With a more satisfactory finale, it could have been a masterpiece. As it is, it's still worth seeing, but you'll be disappointed that it fails to live up to it's own potential.

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AND FEATURING JOHN CARRADINE AS DR. ZITHRY

What's coming in SF3? Well, I can't say for sure, but in the works for future issues are features on prison camp atrocities, SUPERMAN from 1948, TEENAGE MOTHER, AMAZING MR NO LEGS, acid movies, and various other wild sleaze items! Don't miss it!

RETITLED VIDEO



When I ran a list of retitled movies in SF one, it was intended to be simply a one off guide. However, the massive amount of films being reissued - often at low prices - makes it likely that I'll have to make this a regular feature. Let's start by giving a few more detail on some of the films listed last time. **CURSE OF BATH** has now been reissued under its original title of **DEATH CURSE OF YAKU...**...a unique occurrence, I suspect. **PRISON USA/THE JAILBUST** is **QUINQUO**, **PRISONERS OF THE SEA**, the companion film to **HILL PRISON**, but all UK versions have been brutally chopped to a running time of one hour, making the latter part of the film totally incomprehensible. **THE NIGHTS OF YAKU...**, which started out as the very gory **ZOMBIE 3** is a useless affair lasting little more than an hour, with every bit of violence removed. Now then, on to the new stuff...**BETWEEN OF THE DEMONS** has a nice slave, but it turns out to be **THE DEMON LOVER**. **TORCH ON THE MINE** used to be known as **THE FOLKS AT THE RED WOLF INN**, **HOLLYWOOD JEFFERSON** previously called itself **DINAH EAST**, & those of you investing in **ENTITY FORCE** will notice a marked similarity to **ONE DARK NIGHT**. Mary Mallington's colder than soft **PLAYING DEAD** re-emerges as **DEATHS OF A PLAYGIRL**, **VERY CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE 4TH KIND** becomes **A COMING OF ALIENS**, & **GOLD OF THE AMAZON** somehow turns into **QUEST FOR THE 7 CIVILIS**. **FORTUARY** is now called **SHARKMAN**, **NIGHT OF THE BARNHART** transforms into **THE CHILLING**, & former nasty **DOLLHOUSE** avoids further police action by using the pseudonym **PSYCHO PUPPET**. Also worth noting is the fact that **INNOCECE'S VIRGIN LOVERS** & **CLONE DRACULA'S GREAT LOVE** are one & the same. Hopefully, by next issue, I'll know the truth behind **PROJECT GENOCIDES** & the cheekily titled **EXHIBIT 3**.

Retitled films are OK once you know their real names. But re-edited films are another matter altogether. Watch out for tapes claiming to be 'special editions'. The reason these tapes are 'special' is because they've been cut down to a one hour running time. I don't know how many films have suffered this fate, but titles include **USA FRAULEIN 35** (as featured last issue), **FRAULEINS IN UNIFORM**, **NIGHT OF THE SEAGULLS** & **AL ADAMSONE DRACULA VS FRANKENSTEIN**. Among the worst of the self censored releases is **CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD**, which is missing most of its most admired sequences. If you're offended by this sort of thing,

tough luck. The video labels don't care. Not that the BBC are any better. If you've thought of using an **HSB** tape in the hope of finding something a bit better than the cut up rubbish polluting your local video shop, forget it. These Lax Shop only releases are no stronger than previously available efforts. Finally, a word on TV productions being sold as real films. It stinks! With the help of our corrupt censor (14 rating for **CHILL OUT**), the video labels constantly unload TV service onto an unsuspecting public. At the time of writing one of the latest in **BABYFACE** STORIES, which in reality is a few episodes of **WJ** cable show **THE BIRTH-FLASH**. I don't mind TV material on tape (I buy **The Bad Ali** series), but I do object to video labels trying to con me into thinking I'm getting a real film.



WIERD TALES: the roky erickson tapes

From 1965 until 1969, Roky Erickson fronted Texas band the 13th FLOOR BLASTERS, before he was sent to Rusk State Hospital for the Criminally Insane as an alternative to a jail sentence for possession of LSD. When he emerged three years later, Erickson was a genuine psycho, but still managed to produce music. For some reason, CBS Records signed him up in 1970, resulting in an album and a series of now legendary interviews with the British press. The following is the text of an interview that appears in the bootleg LP WIERD TALES by Roky Erickson and the Aliens. The name of the interviewer is unknown, but a couple of quotes from an interview by Howard Le Canard are also included.

RI: I wanted to talk about Ink. Ink is this little creature that lives in this man's brain. He eats the man's brain at the end of the book.
Then The Mangler is about this machine that's a creature that kills all the time, rips people's arms off - I want to tell you about my favourite comic called 'SLINKING THROUGH THE PSYCHO WARD'. It's about this man called Mr Miller and he's a killer and it's real scary. He takes a hatchet home to his mother and the last picture is him going into the house with a hatchet. The next one is called MAY NIGHT, DO YOU WANT YOUR CLUB BACK. It's about Country clubbing. And, MINE MINE MINE and HIM and HIS FLY. This is called I KILLED THE SMALL TOWN'S PEOPLE IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER SO NO ONE COULD STOP THIS PICTURE.
I want to talk about Dave in CREATURES WITH THE ATOM BOMB and FRIDAY THE 13th, it's my favourite movie. Another favourite is DON'T GO IN THE HOUSE and WISHED TO KILL, HALLOWEEN, THE NIGHT HE CAME HOME. And my new song MR KILLER HE'S A KILLER.
Those are just some of the things I've been doing that I thought I might tell you about. Are there any questions you want to ask me?

CI: A few. Do you approach poems and songs differently?

RI: I'm in cold blood all the time about the way I write, you know, that's about the best answer I can give right now. Have you ever seen IN COLD BLOOD?

CI: Yes.

RI: I see it differently from other people. (I just bought this shirt today) It's about these police who are always in this house. They're there before any murder happens. They're there to prevent murder. And then I'm there to make murder never happen and that's IN COLD BLOOD. The movie could have been a lot better if they had shown the police but they never did. It would have been untasteful. IN COLD BLOOD.

CI: Your lyrics are about the occult. Is your interest just on a comic book level or are you serious?

RI: Well no I'm not. I'm more in cold blood about it, I guess, than any other thing. I'm into the Innard Thing, CREATURES WITH THE ATOM BOMB, FRIDAY THE 13th, HALLOWEEN....

CI: (attempting to change the subject) How much of an influence on you was Tommy Hall?

RI: I'm not concerned with that right now. I'm concerned with horror right now. I'm a horror person.

The man yesterday, he could really enjoy that I was horrifying people today.

CI: Perhaps you'd like to say something about the band?

RI: I haven't really got a favourite band.

CI: No, your own band.

RI: My...my band is into horror and that's all I like. The SINGING GRANDFATHER is one of my new songs.

CI: OK tell me about that.

RI: It's a term given to police that always make right. The Singing Grandfather is an idea of right. The Singing Grandfather will owe off your head. The Singing Grandfather will kill you dead. The Singing Grandfather will make your blood fed.

CI: Do you think it's a coincidence that both I WALKED WITH A SCREAM and NIGHT OF THE WITCH have been shown on late night TV over here recently?

RI: No, I don't think it's a coincidence. I think Dave put it on the air. He always does that.

CL: Who's Dave?

RE: He wanted policemen they turned into a creature. He went in with a knife and stabbed this guy in the back. He says 'Hello Capt. in Harris, good to see you again. Being with him is like being in solitary'. 'Yeah, judging by the program the police are makin' he might as well resign ourselves to spending the rest of our lives together'. 'THAT'S NOT FOR AS LONG AS YOU THINK!' Pffffff! 'Hey Captain Harris, are you off your rocker.' 'I'm not Captain Harris, I'm Buchanan. I told you I'd see you die'.

CL: That's from CREATURE WITH THINNING HAIR - the movie, isn't it?

RE: Calculated to keep you in hysterics.

CL: Who do you think buys your records?

RE: John Law.

CL: Any other kind of people?

RE: No that's it.

CL: I believe that in the near future two of your books of poetry will be published. They're called DEVIL CHILD'S DREAM and THE PURPLE STAINED BELL. What can we expect those books to contain?

RE: A picture of the electric chair.

CL: Anything else?

RE: No, that'll be it.

CL: In both books.

RE: Yes.

CL: What is a bleib?

RE: A bleib in a law book. it's a law John.

CL: What is that?

RE: That's what it is. It's hard to open.

CL: On the album's lyric about the mysterious letters T&D appear. Why is that?

RE: Well, because there's this creature who wears glasses and he's gotta bald head and he feeds people up all the time and he signed it for me.

AND ON TOP OF THAT, I HAVE TO GET STUCK WITH THE STINKING GRAVEYARD
SHIFT--MIDNIGHT TO EIGHT IN THE MORNING. SO IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S
GONNA BE JUST ANOTHER CRAZY NIGHT OF--



Letters

Time to delve into the postbag and see if I can find anything more interesting than 'Dear Sir, please send me a copy of your fanzine. Enclosed is 40p'... All missives recieved are eligible for publication unless stated otherwise, though censorship of certain elements of letters will be enforced... anyone eager for a personal reply please enclose a SAE.

MORE VIDEO!!

Dear Dave,
Hello, after reading your very interesting and very, very promising fanzine, I feel I must put pen to paper. I think that you should stick to what's available on video as unless you live in London exploitation films are unavailable to cinemas, especially if like me you happen to live in a town that hasn't even got a cinema (and I'm one of those that hasn't seen EVIL DEAD II yet!) and video is of course the medium that nearly everyone has to be it rented (like mine) or whatever. (the letter then rambles off into territory that's of little interest here...)

Mick Keenan,
Cumbria

Come on, Mick, you can read about the new video biggies anywhere. All cinema releases turn up on tape anyway. I'm sure you'd rather I covered unreleased obscurities and lost classics, wouldn't you? D.F.

FOR DISCUSS!!

Dear David,
Many thanks for the first issue of **SHOCK FILMS**. It's everything I've always wanted in a sine with reviews of rare sleazy material as well as up-to-date releases. I hope you carry on like this, as I'm getting bored with a lot of other times that review **ALIENS** & **THE HITCHER** over & over again. I like to know about rare films.
I particularly enjoyed the review of **ULULU**, **FRANKLIN** etc. I managed to get hold of this film & enjoyed every hilarious minute of it!

Wayne Wells,
Essex

Just assured, Wayne, that you will not find the likes of **ALIENS** in the pages of **THIS** fanzine....

D.F.

ONE NIGHT
OF BLISS
FOR
A THOUSAND
NIGHTS IN
HELL!



CAN THEY TAKE IT JUST ONCE
AND THEN SHUT?

A JURY FOR THE LIST

Dear Dave,
Thanks for **SHOCK FILMS**. Interesting! I've got someone for your shit list, someone whose crime is so hideous, they deserve to be pulled to bits by rabid dogs, then have the bits rushed in petrol, set alight, eaten by crows, spat out, and fed to the lions (I get the impression you don't like this person.. D.F.). Have you heard of Greg Huristone? He advertised in **VIDEO - THE MAG** about a year ago under the trade name of **FLIGHTS OF FANTASY**, offering "all back issues of **PANCHOIA**, T-shirts, books, etc. On replying to the advert, you were also invited to join his "Horror Society" for £8.50. In the past year, all I've recieved are 3 newsletters (xeroxed), a badge & the opportunity to hire poor quality illegal videos at high prices.

That is not my complaint, however. In August ('86 I presume.. D.F.) I ordered T-shirts & **PANCHOIA** of value about £50. After a few phone calls, a month later I recieved 7 Pango's, with the promise the others were coming. They didn't. I regularly phoned him & wrote to him over the succeeding months, each time I was told a different lie. At one point I was even told they were in the post coming to me. Presumably, I told him, the Post Office lost them. I eventually got out of him that once he got the money, he ordered the goods from FantaCo Enterprises in New York, which takes about 2 months by surface mail. I wrote & demanded my money back 3 times before I got it in March 87.

This bastard needs exposing. He said that the "Horror Society" had about 200 members. This means he has taken £1700 for a few badges & some photocopying, plus money from the gullible sods who hire videos off him (£10 per week!). Let's destroy him... NOW!

Richard Griffiths,
Shrewsbury

Thanks for warning us Richard. Anyone with anything to add to this story, get in touch. And if Mr Huristone by chance reads this, perhaps he'd care to give us HIS version of events. I'll publish any statement you care to make, Greg...
D.F.

LET LOVER

Dear David,
Congratulations on SHOCK FILM one - it's about time somebody wrote about the porno side of abuse, instead of the core feminism that seems to be flooding the market. I hope you continue to concentrate on this much maligned subject. My only complaint would have to be about the design. I hope you won't mind my comments, but I really don't like to see 'a la' titles. The cover heading wasn't too bad, but the titles for FILM THROUGHTS and ADVOCATE were awful. Now, I don't claim to be any great artist, but I have enclosed an idea you might like. It was only meant to be a rough, but I was quite pleased with the end result so that's what you got. If you like it, I could redo it any way you like (A5 or whatever), or if you need any pieces of spot artwork, I could possibly oblige. And if you don't like it, well you too, suckers to you!!!

I totally agree with what you said about GILL and 2 - I think people have terribly overrated it.

And please, please try and continue the alternative titles list - I got an illustrated set watching (and paying for) a film I've already seen. There should be a law against retitling films. Good work.

Looking forward to more pages.

Michael Glatzer,
JUNIOR

As stated elsewhere, I have tried to give this issue a better look than the last one, and hopefully you'll be less offended. Obviously, things will improve as time goes on and the 'zine settles down. Thanks for the artwork, which may be of use in the future...

D.Y

FAN OF THE FEMALE FURN

Dear David,
Thank you, belatedly, for number one of SF. You ask for comments. For myself I would like to see more 'coverage' of the T.I.T.S side of movie rather than G.U.T.S. There are a fair number of gossamers but few that deal at any length with good, honest, enjoyable exploitation of 'uncovered-women's-bits' movies - although you have made a good start.

The retitled movie list is an excellent idea. MovieLand, famed seller of VHS cheap videos have a tendency to this. MOVIELAND is available from them under that title and as THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE. All action & periodically topless heroines too. I highly recommend MovieLand to the devoted elsewhere.

Thanks again for the mag & keep up the good work.

P. Howard,
Buntingdon

Thanks for confirming my theory on THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE. Readers interested in MovieLand's product should write to 47 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9BB. Don't for you D.Y. that'll have 'em confused...

ADULTERY NEVER HEARD OF IT...

Dear David,
Thanks for sending me a copy of SHOCK

FILM one. Whilst I applaud your covering the more bizarre exploitation items rather than yet more articles about Argento, Cronenberg, etc (I'm as much a fan of those folks as the next man, but enough is enough), I feel it has to be commented that your layout/style owes a great debt to VIDEO DRIVE IN & SHOCK 68. I hope in future issues you will develop your own style rather than slavishly following others.

Let's have some more on Fun. Mayer - MOUNT, MURDER, UP, etc, etc. Totally wild movies. POOR WILLIS is the only shoe flyer film I've yet seen that I wasn't struck on.

Saying things like '...people who like total clarity in film stories are not likely to be interested in a film like this' is encouraging film makers to tell us horror fans off with any old rubbish peppered with odd bits of gore. Demand better films!

Enclosed is a cheque for issue two. All the best to you and yours and may your nipples never be nibbled.

Philip Collins,
London

Right. I take your point over the VUI & SHOCK matter. As I'd never done this sort of thing before, I chose the best fanzine I know as role models. As time goes on SF will develop it's own I.D. - hopefully you'll notice a difference in this issue. As far as the comment on clarity is concerned, I'm not defending the makers of pointless junk horror like THE MATH. But Argento's films often have 'loose' plots. The main stream critics can't handle that sort of thing - I hope & readers can. My point is that the overall impact of the film is more important than a script that holds up to microscopic examination. Which would you rather watch - INFERNO, with it's often incoherent storyline, or the easily under-stood (if you can stay awake) & PIRATES TO INDIA?

Thanks for writing. I'll just go and check on my nipples...

D.Y



fanzine guide

OK...the intention of this piece is not to indulge in mindless slagging of the 'opposition', but to simply inform you of what exactly is about at the moment. I've only covered those zines that I have current/recent issues of, as it's a little unfair to judge people on past work. Anyone not covered here who wants to be should send me a copy of their publication, together with all the relevant details.

COLD DEADLY 2: Trevor Barley has improved considerably with the second edition of CU. Highlight of this issue is the entertaining review of THE BIG FUCKING DEADLY. Also included are features on the Canadian horror video scene, a large review of the JUCK. ARROUND THE CLOCK event (co-written by me, so it *MUST* be good...), Fulci and more, as they say. Trevor also has a rant on at JUCK. ARROUND THE CLOCK who had previously condemned CU and it's sister magazine VIDEO. RAGE. This fund could run and run...£5p for 40 A5 pages from MEDIA PUBLICATIONS, 10 CHORLETON ROAD, SUFFOLD ON SEA, SUFFOLK.

GRINDHOUSE: Is a strange but entertaining fanzine this. The bulk of it is taken up with reviews of films seen during 1996 - not just new releases, but also TV broadcasts. It's an odd idea, but it works fairly well. Other bits include an *Aspire* pictures piece and a couple of way too short interviews. Possibly a bit too jokey for some fans, but well written and nicely presented. Worth a look. 90p (plus post) for 64 A5 pages from Nicholas Hayson, 45 SPENCER ROAD, KINGS WORTHY, WINCHESTER, HANTS, SO23 7ND.

MACABRE 3: The most accomplished issue so far. Main feature here is a lengthy FRIDAY THE 13th article, backed up with pieces on Fulci, Cronenberg, DE DUTCHER, BLOODSUCKING FRANKS, CANNIBAL APOCALYPSE, etc. Obviously then, it's pretty mainstream based, though it does branch out to include a short story as well. The future of the zine is currently in doubt though. 35p (plus postage) for 21 A4 pages from Phil & Leon, 14 WOOD STREET, ISMARTON, S. GLAM CP6 2LH.

SEPHAIN 5: Very slick. Highly regarded by fans, John Cullidge has managed to take his zine to the edge of professionalism. Hardened JUCK. ARROUND THE CLOCK might find it too mainstream, but having said that, this issue contains a feature/filmography on the mighty Jesus Franco. Other items include a Robert England interview, THE WITCHES LP KAST-ICK, cannibal movies and plenty more. Well written and visually impressive. £1.00 for 32 A4 pages from John Cullidge, 19 KLM GROVE ROAD, TOPHAM, KENT, SE20 8KJ DN.

JUCK. ARROUND THE CLOCK vol2 no1 (issue 7): Attempting to go upmarket, BA finds itself with a colour cover and 12 more pages, but also with a price that more than double the last issue. At the risk of upsetting Trevor Barley though, I have to say that it's still the best exploitation zine on the market at present. This issue contains a Dan O'Neil interview, D'Amato, a Cronenberg interview, sex change movies exposed, and several reviews. So far then, a decent balance of the mainstream and the obscure alike. How it'll progress, only time will tell (and I've yet to submit a copy of *IF* for approval - my point of view may be affected by the comments made when I do!).£1.25 plus 50p post for 36 A4 pages from 109 SEPTEMBER WAY, STANTON, MIDOX, HA7 2JP.

WHILASH 2.11.2: This was born alongside 12, but I don't allow that to affect my judgement. Mainly covering new horror releases (cinema and video), though the highlight of the first issue is the review of INVASION OF THE SENSUOUS. Also includes a piece on alien movies. Printed on glossy paper (ish) and well written. 50p plus 25p post for 12 A4 pages from John Hall, 29 SKIRBECK ROAD, BOSTON, Lincs PE21 6HA.

And now one or two from outside the UK...

FILM THREAT 12: Completely unrestrained underground filmaine that is of definite interest to many of you. Contains an extensive interview with Tommy Turner on the making of *WHEN THE BELL RINGS*, items by Nick Godd and Long Leg, interviews with Alan Moore and Julie Re Antonio, a feature on murder movies and lots more. Editor Christian Core says 'luck' quite a lot, and it's not for the faint hearted. Recommended reading. \$2.95/£3.00 (plus post) for 72 A4 pages from P.O. BOX 951, RYDAL DAR, HIGGINS 4060, USA.

SATDAY INTERNATIONAL: A neat rock paper from Finland, printed in English. If you want to be informed about what's hip around the world, this is for you. Apart from reports on the music scene in Australia, Sweden, Finland and everywhere else, it's also heaving with record reviews. What's more, editor Miettinen is a nice guy. The first two were free, but the third will be priced, so write for details, with I.L.C. to P.O. BOX 361, 00121 HELSINKI, FINLAND.

When writing to any of the above, don't forget to mention *SEVEN FILMS*, and if you're making casual inquiries, it might be best to include a stamped addressed envelope. More next time.

EVIL DEAD 3?



Art: Stuart Robertson

Stuck for ideas about what to buy Granny for Christmas? why not treat her to a back issue of **SHOCK FILMS** One? There's still a few left. Contents include **ELSA FRAULEIN SS**, **MUTANT SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR**, Russ Meyer's **SUPERVIXENS**, alternative title listing, **BLOOD FEAST** publicity shot, **FRIDAY 13th 6**, **EVIL DEAD 2**, and a bit more (there's honesty for you, most editors would have said 'lots more'). 12 pages, a real snip at just 40p. A gas!

classified ads

WHS TAPES FOR SALE OR SWAP: WRITE TO - R. HUGHES, 317 FREIGHT COURT, R. BLOCK, WALTHAMSTON LONDON E17 5AP

WANTED: PEOPLE TO SWAP EXPLOITATION VIDEOS WITH - MIKE KIDMAN, 3 PINFOLD CROSS, COCKINGMOATH CHESHIRE G13 9JW

FOR SALE: VARIOUS VHS VIDEOS. HORROR, SF, COMEDY, ADULT ETC. ALL ORIGINALS, NO PIRATES. ALL TOP QUALITY CONDITION. WRITE TO: MARGA J. SIMMONS, SCHOOLHOUSE, DANESMOUNT, LEAMING, CARDIFF

WANTED: VHS or BETA TAPES - FRUNCO, JAP HORROR, SLASH, MONDO, HARDCORE, TORTURE, ACID FILMS, AVANT GARDE/UNDERGROUND, SAMO, JO, SEXUALISATION, SILENT MOVIES, POVERTY ROW, ETC. QUINCY JONES TO CAPT. FLEMING, DEEP THROAT, ITALIAN HORROR, ETC. BROCK VALLEY BY JOHN WATKINS. ORIGINAL 1944 CARGO FOR VHS/TAPES OF CRANMORE, ELSA FRAULEIN SS AND SERRATIONS. ONE OF THE SCARIEST THINGS. WRITE TO DAVID PLINTH/O/E THE EDITORIAL AND CO.

